

WORSHIP IN EASTERN CALM

FOLLOWERS OF VEDANTA AT SUNDAY SERVICE.

Meditation and an Address by a Swami in an Apocryphal Robe-Hindu Teachings and the Study of Yoga Flourishing Greatly in New York.

A new religion is born in New York every day.

So one of the Vedantic faith expresses itself after the regular Sunday morning service.

The points with pride to the fact that Vedanta has flourished here since Swami Vivekananda, the founder of the Mahanirvana sect, came to deliver lectures in New York as delegate to the Parliament of Religions in 1894. At first the followers of Vedanta, few in number, met here and there in hired rooms and halls. In October, 1899, the Vedanta society established fixed headquarters, and the fine library which is one of its most salient features had its beginning at Tuxedo Hall.

In the spring of 1900, augmented and strengthened by the addition of many new members and students, the society took more desirable quarters at 102 East Fifty-eighth street. Public lectures were given at Carnegie Hall and other places, and in 1901 the society moved again to a large house at 10 West Seventy-first street. Later, grown still larger, it has moved to 135 West Eighty-fifth street.

There are approximately 150 members on the rolls and many students who expect to embrace the Vedantic faith. The fees of members are small, only \$25 a year, payment of which secures all the privileges of the services and lectures. The library, talks with the residing swamis and the classes in Yoga and free use of the meditation room. The admission to membership is not obtained by the asking, but an examination is made to determine whether the applicant is moved by mere curiosity or by some deeper motive.

"We are not desirous of a large membership," one of the society explains. "In fact we look upon that as rather a detriment in many ways. Vedanta is the religion that one comes to after one has passed through the preliminaries of other faiths, and so, in the nature of things, it could not reach the great mass of people."

The Sun reporter asks what the philosophy is.



PHILOSOPHY.

Vedantins think of the Emmanuel movement, Christian Science and other similar new-fangled creeds.

"Christian Science," one says quickly, "is after all only the Americanized Buddhism, the religion of the Oriental brought down to and adapted to our Western conditions. Mrs. Mary Baker E. Eddy did not hesitate to admit in her earlier books the fact that she had obtained from Hindu teaching."

"Then people come here and say that they have backaches or headaches and desire to gain relief. We tell them very courteously that what they probably need is the Christian Science treatment. That of the Emmanuel, for we do not have the Vedantic religion connected in the minds of the public with physical ailments. Vedanta does not turn its back on such necessary parts of our existence as the physical help in time of sickness, but wants to reach them through the spiritual path."

As the conversation proceeds people begin to drop in for the regular Sunday service. There is a noticeable lack of the freshness in dress and manner that is associated in the public mind with strange creeds.

The men, who predominate in number, are of all ages, from the young business man with alert glance and clear eyes to the gray-haired veteran who, to judge from the absence of worry lines, has certainly gained some help from the Oriental doctrine. The women wear up to date costumes.

The chairs in the two rooms are soon filled and at 11 precisely a young woman, one of the officers of the society, enters with a lighted taper. She approaches the altar on the side on which are vases of Easter lilies, sticks of incense and candles in cobra candlesticks. Having lighted candles and incense, she takes her place with the rest of the waiting members.

Besides the altar, the room set apart for worship is practically without ornament. On a raised platform in the center is a high chair with carved back and above it a star, in the center of which is an inscription of "I am He" in some what near a literal rendering. The tones of the room, paper and hangings is quiet and there is a certain atmosphere of peace.

BY OLD ST. PAUL'S.

Changing Aspects of the Chapel Seen by a Man Who Has Long Known It.

"There was a time," said a man whose work is in the neighborhood of City Hall Park, "when the downtown terminus of the Sixth and Eighth avenue street railroads was at Broadway and Vesey street."

"The cars of those two lines used to come down West Broadway and through an arch in a building that fronted on Vesey street a couple of blocks down, to turn east as they came out of the arch and then come joggling along on Vesey street to Broadway, by the corner of St. Paul's churchyard. The Sixth avenue cars crossed a red, and many a time when

apparent to even the casual dropper in, while the members bask in it visibly. Some one leans over and explains the symbols of worship.

"The altar stands for the altar of the heart and is dedicated to the Supreme Spirit, which is the soul of our souls and whose nature is Absolute Existence, Intelligence and Bliss. It is dedicated to the self-effulgent light of the Sun of Infinite Wisdom, which dispels the darkness of ignorance in the human heart. It is not meant for any individual spirit, but for the infinite spirit which is the source of all personal manifestations and divine incarnations. A worshipper of Christ should think of Christ upon the altar; a worshipper of Buddha or Krishna, Shiva, Jehovah or Allah should think of his ideal as seated upon this symbolic altar of the heart."

"In every case it should be remembered that the altar stands as the symbol of the heart of the worshipper. Names and forms are merely the manifestations of the one, nameless and formless infinite being to whom the Vedanta altar is dedicated."

The speaker sits back and loses herself in a reverie that her explanation has evoked, while on the other side a student takes up the lesson and proceeds with the explanation of the other symbols.

"The light of the candle is the symbol of the light of the intellect. It is the light of the pure intellect that reveals the spirit seated upon the altar of the heart. Purified heart and intellect must be united before spiritual realization is attained."

"Flowers are symbolic of the good thoughts and pure feelings which should be offered to the supreme spirit. When fruits are offered they stand for the fruits of our works."

"The followers of Vedanta who live up to their professed creed spend half an hour every day in meditation. Meditation, we believe, is the most important step in spiritual progress."



PHILOSOPHY.

Like the first speaker, the second whistler becomes suddenly quiet, lost in one of the trances which pervade the assembly and to which the perfume of flowers and incense lends encouragement.

Soft steps approach. The worshippers become more alert, although they do not turn their heads. Coming through the side door, tall, erect and graceful, Swami Paramananda enters.

He does not look on close scrutiny more than 25. His face is of the ageless type. He is a fine type of the intellectual Hindu. Without his saying a word his personality is felt at once.

He sits in the carved chair, allows his dark eyes to glance over the worshippers, and clasping his hands in front of him invites to silence. His own eyes



SWAMI PARAMANANDA, FOUNDER OF VEDANTA IN AMERICA.

I was working nights and living up the West Side I have walked down Park row at 2 o'clock in the morning and waited by the churchyard fence in Vesey street, just off the corner from Broadway, for a car with a green light.

"Many a night or morning I have stood there leaning up against the railing at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard waiting for my car in a time when Broadway was quieter at this hour than it is now, though even then there was constant life and light in this part of the town at all hours of the night—enough to make it striking and picturesque. For that neighborhood, which I once knew so well, and at an hour when even it might like to have companionship, I came to have a friendly feeling which I have ever since retained, feeling that indeed I have ever since sold for the cause."



IN THE HALL OF SILENCE.

close and the eyes of the worshippers follow suit.

Swami Paramananda is robed in an apocryphal robe which falls a little below the knee and is fastened about the waist with a sash of silk of the same color. Like the later swamis who have come to America and discarded the turban on account of the comment it excited, he has no head covering and his black hair is worn short. His repose is absolute, there is not a motion of an eyelash, not a twitch of a nervous muscle. To all intents and purposes he is a bronze idol, carved and curious.

Finally the long tapering fingers on his knees unlace, the eyes open, he stands erect and begins in a strange, singsong recitative to intone a prayer in Sanskrit, which he translates into English with a slight accent.

May He protect us from all evils. May both the teacher and the taught enjoy together the blessings of the Lord. May whatever we study be well studied and strengthening to us. May we never hate each other. Om. Santi. Santi. Santi. (Peace, Peace, Peace.)

The last "peace" dies away in the perfumed silence. Again the swami invites to meditation and again, idol like, he exemplifies the most persistent article of the cult—the need of absolute spiritual relaxation and mental rest.

By this time the worshippers themselves have lost all semblance of restlessness. Like the swami, they are able to attain perfect rigidity of body while the mind rests. "You cannot," he says a little later to them, "think along straight lines unless you sit straight, unless you walk erect." There are no drooping shoulders visible, even those of the eldest men are held up in military fashion, and the swami himself is thin and perpendicular as a straight line.

Perhaps five minutes pass, perhaps ten. There is no way of determining time. Thoroughly rested and refreshed you see the swami rise at last and without previous preparation deliver an address.

When the swami—the word signifies spiritual teacher—first came to America to establish their school of philosophy they were informed that in order to conform to the Occidental rather than the Oriental view it would be wise for them to emphasize less the benefits of asceticism, resignation and repose than the more active qualities which lead to right working, right doing and the right development of the creative instincts. The swami in his address follows this lead, and while never losing sight of the fundamental truths of the Vedantic creed manages to fit to the aggressive minds and personalities of his hearers.

If you have expected to hear new truths or startling messages delivered you will be disappointed. There is no novelty offered, no sensation. Steadfastness of mind is urged, without which nothing worth while can be accomplished, and in details the danger of scattered attention and lack of concentration is emphasized. Fearlessness he also preaches. The address is about half an hour long. At its close the swami sinks softly into the big chair, draws the apocryphal robe about him and again, with interlaced fingers on his lap and closed eyelids, invites to meditation, while the incense burns softly on and the candles flame brightly. This meditative interval, like the others, lasts an indefinite time.

Rising again, the swami opens a big book of maroon covered leather, extracts a scarlet ribbon, the marker, which he places on a teakwood tabouret at the side of the platform, and reads in the same recitative tone he has employed for the opening prayer certain extracts from the sacred book of the East, the Bhagavad-Gita, a portion of which always forms part of the Sunday morning services.

Then all rising, the swami pronounces the blessing which ends the hour:

May He who is Akura Mazda of the Zoroastrians, Jehovah of the Jew, Father of Heaven of the Christians, Allah of the Mohammedans, Buddha of the Buddhists, Krishna, Divine Mother and Brahman of the Hindus, grant peace and blessings unto all the followers of the universal religion of Vedanta. Peace! Peace! Peace!

The worshippers break up into twos and threes, or stand singly while the swami goes from one to another, holding the sacred book of the East against his breast and touching hands gently, with a fixed smile on his thin lips. In the front row of seats a young woman has been overwhelmed with grief during the service. Excusing herself from the others

the swami takes her to a corner and talks gently to her, the smile still lingering on his lips and the book clasped close.

One of the officers volunteers the information that while the Vedantic religion does not embrace the confessional, the swamis are called upon frequently in their capacity of ascetics, celibates and masters to administer advice, sympathy and instruction on the complicated results of human actions.

"It would surprise you," she says, "to know how many people, strangers to the Vedantic religion, come here every week to seek consolation and help. Many of them admit that they have tried everything, that they have wandered from sect to sect, from church to church, that every new religion is eagerly sought and each in turn has proved inefficacious."

"The strength of the Vedanta is that it does not prescribe to all one special path by which to reach the ultimate goal of every religion. On the contrary, it recognizes the varying tendencies of different minds and guides each along the way best suited to it."

The swami, who has finished his lesson of consolation, joins in the conversation. He explains the meaning of the Yoga classes, which are the source of much curiosity to the uninitiated.

"The method of classifying human tendencies into four grand divisions so that the teaching in each may be helpful to all is called in Sanskrit 'Yoga,' he says. 'For one, there is the Karma Yoga.'

"This is what we teach at first to the Western minds. It is for the active man, for those who like to work, for the busy, every day working man or woman. It teaches the secret of work and how to accomplish a maximum of labor with a minimum loss of energy."

Paramananda, who has shared the work of the society ever since. Their stay here is indefinite. One says: "I am asked if the swamis are missionaries of any kind. No, indeed, it would be very foolish for us to come here to tell you what you need, but we are here to show the truth of our own faith and its identity with the fundamental truths of all other religions, for Vedanta, which means 'end of wisdom,' embraces the ultimate conclusions of the greatest philosophies of all countries and the ideals of every special religion of the world."

"And you do consider the Vedanta," is asked, "the superior of all the new creeds, that of Christian Science, the Emmanuel movement, mental healing?"

The swami smiles his inscrutable smile and waves his long, slim fingers toward the bookcases lined with Oriental philosophies.

"The answer to that question is to be found there." Then he quietly glides from the room, his exit being watched by the eyes of the members, who follow the last apostrophe until it disappears around the curve of the staircase.

Then the members pass in turn into the meditation room, where a few moments of serenity are enjoyed before they seek the stir and bustle of the outer world.

REPAIRED THE RUINS.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The last time I motored in England," said Craig Biddle the other day, "I was amazed by the spick and span look of all the old castles, halls and manor houses. My companion was an Englishman, a very well-informed chap, and I said to him: 'I thought you people had a lot of picturesque old ruins here?'"

"We did have once," said he, "but your heireesses have come over and put them all in good repair."

NORTH CAROLINA TURKEY DRIVE.

Hickory correspondent Charlotte Observer.

A drove of turkeys literally driven a distance of fifty miles or more from Watauga county was an interesting sight on the streets here last Tuesday.

The drove numbered 215 when it left the mountains, but fifty of them had been sold before reaching Hickory, where the remainder were disposed of.

displayed by Jesus of Nazareth and which are used to-day by the so-called new sects have been an open book for years to the Yogis or wise men of India. Christian Science, the new Emmanuel, can give us nothing new. But we do not overemphasize peculiar cult, we do not believe in the constant obsession of the mind by the thought of disease, even though the healing of the disease is the ultimate reason for that obsession.

"It is in Raja Yoga that the wonderful system of breathing is taught, whose effects are not unknown to the mental healers of the West, but it does not cease to warn its students that the attainment of any of these powers is not a sign of spirituality."

"Jnana Yoga is the fourth method. It is the path of right knowledge and discrimination. It is for those who are of a philosophic nature. It explains the fundamental principles of spiritualism, tells us how the soul exists after death and under what conditions, describes how the earthbound are reincarnated, taking human form again and again. It expounded the law of correspondences ages before Swedenborg was born."

The only other resident swami at the Vedanta society at present besides Swami Paramananda is Swami Abhedananda, who delivers a special course of lectures during the winter and holds the Yoga classes for members only.

Swami Abhedananda was sent here to carry on the work that was left in a flourishing condition by the visits of Vivekananda and Saradananda—the termination of the names "ananda" meaning bliss. It was due to his efforts that the Vedanta society in New York has become a prosperous institution. He has been assisted from time to time by other brother monks sent from Calcutta, who have established in their wanderings a large temple in San Francisco and homes in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Los Angeles. Two years ago Swami Abhedananda sailed for India and returned with Swami

the swami takes her to a corner and talks gently to her, the smile still lingering on his lips and the book clasped close.

One of the officers volunteers the information that while the Vedantic religion does not embrace the confessional, the swamis are called upon frequently in their capacity of ascetics, celibates and masters to administer advice, sympathy and instruction on the complicated results of human actions.

"It would surprise you," she says, "to know how many people, strangers to the Vedantic religion, come here every week to seek consolation and help. Many of them admit that they have tried everything, that they have wandered from sect to sect, from church to church, that every new religion is eagerly sought and each in turn has proved inefficacious."

"The strength of the Vedanta is that it does not prescribe to all one special path by which to reach the ultimate goal of every religion. On the contrary, it recognizes the varying tendencies of different minds and guides each along the way best suited to it."

The swami, who has finished his lesson of consolation, joins in the conversation. He explains the meaning of the Yoga classes, which are the source of much curiosity to the uninitiated.

"The method of classifying human tendencies into four grand divisions so that the teaching in each may be helpful to all is called in Sanskrit 'Yoga,' he says. 'For one, there is the Karma Yoga.'

"This is what we teach at first to the Western minds. It is for the active man, for those who like to work, for the busy, every day working man or woman. It teaches the secret of work and how to accomplish a maximum of labor with a minimum loss of energy."

Paramananda, who has shared the work of the society ever since. Their stay here is indefinite. One says: "I am asked if the swamis are missionaries of any kind. No, indeed, it would be very foolish for us to come here to tell you what you need, but we are here to show the truth of our own faith and its identity with the fundamental truths of all other religions, for Vedanta, which means 'end of wisdom,' embraces the ultimate conclusions of the greatest philosophies of all countries and the ideals of every special religion of the world."

"And you do consider the Vedanta," is asked, "the superior of all the new creeds, that of Christian Science, the Emmanuel movement, mental healing?"

The swami smiles his inscrutable smile and waves his long, slim fingers toward the bookcases lined with Oriental philosophies.

"The answer to that question is to be found there." Then he quietly glides from the room, his exit being watched by the eyes of the members, who follow the last apostrophe until it disappears around the curve of the staircase.

Then the members pass in turn into the meditation room, where a few moments of serenity are enjoyed before they seek the stir and bustle of the outer world.

REPAIRED THE RUINS.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The last time I motored in England," said Craig Biddle the other day, "I was amazed by the spick and span look of all the old castles, halls and manor houses. My companion was an Englishman, a very well-informed chap, and I said to him: 'I thought you people had a lot of picturesque old ruins here?'"

"We did have once," said he, "but your heireesses have come over and put them all in good repair."

NORTH CAROLINA TURKEY DRIVE.

Hickory correspondent Charlotte Observer.

HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS.

A Woman Can Keep a Secret, but She Needs Help, Uncle Henry Thinks.

"A secret," said Uncle Henry in a discreet tone acquired through long years of never being quite sure how near she might be, "a secret is a thing that one woman tells to another. If anybody up and tells you that a woman can't keep a secret, you laugh at 'em, by gracious. Of course she can. The only trouble is, she needs assistance. See what I mean? Of course, by the time she's got enough of her friends to help her there ain't much secret left."

"I'm a wise old owl and I know my a-b-a-bu. You take it from me, son, it's a regular scientific problem. Not like Old Ike's apple or the solar hypothesis, or why is an egg or six times nine is whatever it happens to be, I ain't much at figures. No, sir, otherwise to the contrary, not on your life. It's a sort of a medical effect. See? Kind of a malignant epidemic thing. They catch it like you catch a cold."

"It just comes. No regular female lady woman person just sets out to be a tell the glad tidings specialist because she got the idea all herself. Not any more than she goes into the five and ten and says to the two by five ribbon snitcher, 'Give me number six and seven-eighths pocket handkerchief, I'm going out to catch a cold.' Get that? She don't know she's going to get the cold beforehand, and like as not she don't know it even afterward. It's a regular kind of a disease, like."

"And by gracious there's food for thought, as the feller said when he ate the codfish ball. I'm giving it to you straight, some of these wonders who spend all their time dopping around a laboratory plugging the life out of the poor little microbes that never did anything to them and are too small to kick out for themselves ought to take a look in on this subject."

"I don't see any books written on 'Why the Feminine Specimens of the Genus Homo are Inclined to Jabber.' No, son; but I hear a good deal about 'Calculated Molasses in the Lower Silurian.' See what I mean? They ain't practical, those scientists ain't."

"Either that or else they're afraid. Most of 'em married, like as not; in which case I got to give 'em credit for displaying pardonable perspicacity. Eh? Pretty good, that, for an old party, hey?"

"Now, you just give that door a shove, gentle like, as though it was the wind blew it to. Come over here in the corner close, so I can talk and listen at the same time. I'm going to enlighten you on certain matters."

"I'm going to take you behind the scenes of this mad domestic extravaganza and show you how the wheels go 'round. This what I'm going to tell you is good stuff and it may be worth \$100 a word to you if you ever commit matrimony yourself."

"So! Women have got an animal disease. They are born susceptible to a scourge. Some of 'em get so tired hearing other women talk that it acts as an antitoxin and they become immune. But only a few, son. Only a dang seldom few."

"It's the same as that African thing, the sleeping sickness, that you get from flies; and it's the same as the malaria that you get from mosquitoes. Only it's different. I've got both of them myself and had 'em for years and I will say that they are a great comfort to me at times. But this thing the women have they get from eating leafsteak, and you hear me, it's something awful."

"With my hand on my heart and my eyes upraised in prayer I tell you the women can't keep a secret, because they have got foot and mouth disease. See what I mean? Only a few days ago they killed off a thousand sweet-breathed kine with nice damp noses right in this State because they had contracted foot and mouth disease."

"The State is doctored particular about the cows, by gracious, but I don't see 'em taking any action about the women; and you take it from me, son, they've got it the worst way. Still, maybe the State is married too. There must be some reason if they know it, and how could they help knowing it? I don't reckon I'm any discoverer."

"Eh? You don't see it? Well, it's the simplest thing in the wide, wide world. The female women folks eat the leafsteak, and being naturally and constitutionally intended to get the foot and mouth disease—why, they just up and go and get it."

One of them pesky little germs, so small you can't see it with a spyglass, goes in with the porterhouse and gets busy. He's a stranger there, but he's got taking root. He's like a Trojan horse, or a Single Taxer. He conducts a campaign of education. See what I mean? Well, as soon as he's got the rest of his little playmates educated, they call a meeting, elect officers and vote that the secret of the meeting is 'Gather 'round me, girls. Gather 'round me.'"

Then the unsuspecting female who is acting as clerk in the meeting for the hellish conspiracy begins to get the symptoms. Yes, by gracious, and you don't have to be any diplomaed diagnostician to see the game. All you got to do is to sit still, keep your mouth shut, agree with her in everything and use discretion. Well, for that matter, if you're married you got to do that anyway, how you know."

"Now, son, see what happens. Along comes a plaited skirt, lace waist, \$3 worth of puffs and enough woman to make 'em look natural, and she calls on the newly inoculated married man. The first part, 'You know Etta?' she says, just to open things up. Yes, son, they always know Etta. 'Well, she says, 'it's a secret,' and she says, 'I'm going to tell you the truth of our own faith and its identity with the fundamental truths of all other religions, for Vedanta, which means 'end of wisdom,' embraces the ultimate conclusions of the greatest philosophies of all countries and the ideals of every special religion of the world.'"

"And you do consider the Vedanta," is asked, "the superior of all the new creeds, that of Christian Science, the Emmanuel movement, mental healing?"

The swami smiles his inscrutable smile and waves his long, slim fingers toward the bookcases lined with Oriental philosophies.

"The answer to that question is to be found there." Then he quietly glides from the room, his exit being watched by the eyes of the members, who follow the last apostrophe until it disappears around the curve of the staircase.

Then the members pass in turn into the meditation room, where a few moments of serenity are enjoyed before they seek the stir and bustle of the outer world.

REPAIRED THE RUINS.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The last time I motored in England," said Craig Biddle the other day, "I was amazed by the spick and span look of all the old castles, halls and manor houses. My companion was an Englishman, a very well-informed chap, and I said to him: 'I thought you people had a lot of picturesque old ruins here?'"

"We did have once," said he, "but your heireesses have come over and put them all in good repair."

NORTH CAROLINA TURKEY DRIVE.

Hickory correspondent Charlotte Observer.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE STAGE

WEEKLY PUBLICATIONS THE PUBLIC DOESN'T SEE.

One Device of the Press Agent to Get His News and Tales Into Print—Some Have Illustrations—Unexpurgated Stories of Stage Folk in Them.

A dozen or more newspapers are published weekly in this city and other theatrical centres for a very limited circle. They are not for sale, yet proportionately as much care is taken in their preparation as in making a regular newspaper. They are got up by the theatrical press agents, and their circulation is confined chiefly to other publications.

The press agent is a busy man. Issuing papers isn't his only work. He has to gather and distribute the legitimate news—the actual happenings—of the attractions he represents and he has to work his imagination freely, inventing or forcing incidents which the newspapers will think interesting. Every time he gets a show or a show girl mentioned he scores with his employers.

He finds time also to get out his own newspaper. In the past all the straight news he has been able to get is from actors, short stories, sometimes fact, more often fiction, and once in a while a bit of verse.

Sometimes he gets enough for four pages; usually, however, for only one. The publication is distributed freely to newspapers all over the country and they are at liberty—nay, more! they are cordially invited—to make use in their columns of anything, everything.

George M. Cohan gets the credit for being the pioneer in this line of work. He wrote most of his newspaper himself, and the person mentioned most often in its columns was George M. Cohan. Father Jerry Cohan contributed verses, and Mrs. Helen M. Cohan, his mother, and Sister Josephine helped to edit the idea, and to-day almost every theatrical establishment which boasts a press department has its newspaper. Fred Thompson of course had to extend the idea, and his press agent gets out an illustrated weekly.

The pictures have a certain sameness. You may see Miss Mabel Taliaferro (Mrs. Fred Thompson) in many of her poses on page 1, and on page 2 find Miss Mabel Taliaferro in other poses, while on the other pages you will find Miss Mabel Taliaferro posed in still other ways. Occasionally there will be pictures of Edith Taliaferro and of Fred Thompson. It's a family art gallery.

The *Belasco News* tells you in the course of a few numbers all you may wish to know about David Belasco and the other David—Warfield—and about the other Belasco stars. A recent number told the story about Frank Keenan. There is no reason why it shouldn't be true:

It was during vacation time and Mr. Keenan wanted to start a bank account to defray the price of gifts for Christmas, but a few months away. The new famous actor, then a slip of a boy of 10 years, went to the owner of the china store and asked for a position. The storekeeper, a big, gruff sort of individual, scowled over his nose glasses and asked quite sharply:

"What can you do?"

"Anything," stoutly replied Keenan.

"Humph! Anything, eh?" sneered the other, glancing disdainfully at the boy's diminutive proportions, and then, going to the rear door of the store, pointed out into the back yard to a huge cask. "See that barrel?" he asked. "Well, it's full of glassware and weighs 1,500 pounds. Fetch it here."

After which, thinking he was well rid of the puny applicant, he turned on his heel with a laugh and went back to his desk. For a minute only was young Keenan dismayed. Comprehending his lips, he picked up an empty box near by, placed it beside the cask, mounted it and took out the chinaware piece by piece and placed it on the ground. Then, pulling the barrel over on its side, he rolled it to the store, carried and replaced the china in its former receptacle and reported to the amazed storekeeper with the words: